

RE-MATCHED

PILOT
"Show Business is Hard"

Written By
Aviv Rubinstien

Story By
Aviv Rubinstien & Derek Asaff

COLD OPEN

INT. GAME SHOW SET - 1985 - DAY

The set of CELEBRITY MATCHMAKER, the hit dating game show with everyone's favorite host SKIP FLANNERY (34).

Skip's teeth shine like polished porcelain and his perfectly quaffed hair bounces with each step.

SKIP
Welcome back to Celebrity Matchmaker! I'm your host Skip Flannery. Now, when we left Stacy before the commercial break from our fine, fine sponsors, she and I were whittling down her stable of suitors, looking for her--

A studio AUDIENCE leans in on cue.

AUDIENCE
Perfect match!

Skip gives the audience his classic gun fingers. Pew. Pew.

SKIP
That's right!

Skip walks from his podium over to STACY (20s), a beautiful woman despite her feathered 80s hair.

Stacy sits by a partition, separated from a group of seated MALE SUITORS. Eight bachelors are all that remain from what was once a larger group of 20, indicated by 12 empty chairs.

SKIP (CONT'D)
How we doing, Stacy? Excited to dive back in with our Suitors?

STACY
Let's do it, Skip.

Across from Stacy, a panel of three celebrities oversees the action. CARL LEWIS (23), gold medals and all, then VALERIE BERTINELLI (25), the perennial girl next door, and CHARLES NELSON REILLY (54), more out of the closet than in.

CHARLES NELSON REILLY
If she won't, Skip, I will. Let me just grab my Speedo!

The Audience LAUGHS.

SKIP
Charles is throwing a pool party, ladies and gentlemen.

The Audience cheers.

CARL LEWIS
I'll bring the sun tan lotion.

Carl reaches over to Valerie and rubs her shoulder. She smiles through gritted teeth, hiding her discomfort.

SKIP
Fantastic!
(beat)
Stacy, ask the next question.

Stacy reads from a card.

STACY
Suitor Number Four, how would you end the perfect date?

SUITOR #4
My perfect date ends with a walk on the beach, a moonlit kiss, and maybe an invitation upstairs.

SKIP
Uh oh, Stacy, Suitor Number Four is talking about making some--

The Audience and Celebrities lean in.

ALL
BOOM BOOM!

The Audience CHEERS and LAUGHS.

SKIP
That's right!

PULL OUT TO:

INT. SKIP'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT - DAY

The rerun of Celebrity Matchmaker continues playing on an old TV. A dusty Peabody award and several Emmys rest on the set.

The modest, bungalow-style apartment is like a scrapbook, cataloguing over 30 years of Skip's celebrity. The walls are covered in newspaper clippings and framed photos of Skip with Hollywood's A-list, especially its leading ladies.

TELEVISION
Boom Boom!

Dozens of photos of Skip and his dalliances, all signed, some with phone numbers, more with lipstick. He'd put Scott Baio to shame if Scott Baio wasn't in half the photos.

On the couch, SKIP FLANNERY (63) lounges in a pair of boxer shorts and a wide open Tommy Bahama shirt showcasing his aging physique.

Now a man of leisure, his teeth are no longer blindingly white and his once perfect hair is now in a permanent state of bed head.

He leans forward and takes a generous hit from a BONG.

He leans back, scratches his crotch, and exhales, COUGHING. He reaches behind the couch and pulls a beer from a cooler.

FLUSH! The toilet in the adjoining bathroom flushes and the door swings open.

Out steps a SURFER GIRL (22) wearing a bikini. She saunters over to Skip, and he hands her the bong. She takes a hit then coughs.

SURFER GIRL

Not bad.

(re: TV show)

Oh, shit. You really were famous!

She hands the bong back to him.

SURFER GIRL (CONT'D)

Who's that?

SKIP

Valerie Bertinelli.

SURFER GIRL

She was crazy hot.

SKIP

That she was.

SURFER GIRL

Did you two ever have, like, a thing?

Skip takes a hit from his bong.

SKIP

(coughing)

That we did.

SURFER GIRL

Nice.

Skip stares at his groin. Awkward silence fills the room.

SURFER GIRL (CONT'D)

Listen, it's... fine. It's totally normal.

SKIP

Yeah? Erectile dysfunction a big problem with guys your age?

SURFER GIRL

Well, no... but I been with a lot of older dudes. Daddy issues.

He shrugs. She puts on her bikini top and a pair of denim shorts.

They watch the episode in silence for a moment.

SURFER GIRL (CONT'D)
You wanna try again?

Skip thinks on it for half a second.

JERK TO:

INT. SKIP'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - 5 MINUTES LATER.

The Surfer Girl casually strokes off Skip to no avail. Her arm tirelessly bounces up and down in his lap.

She looks around the room bored. They make eye contact and politely smile.

SURFER GIRL
Anything?

Skip looks down. Shakes his head.

SURFER GIRL (CONT'D)
Wanna try a finger in your ass?

Intrigued, he considers it.

TITLE: REMATCHED

END COLD OPEN

ACT I

EXT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

Skip pulls up in a taxi outside a bustling convention hall. He pays and gets out, but he doesn't let go of the door.

Two ATTENDEES wearing Wheel of Fortune and Price is Right T-shirts walk past Skip. They point, excitedly.

ATTENDEES
Boom Boom!!

SKIP
Nope. Screw this.

Skip moves to get back in the cab.

GENE (O.S.)
Don't move, asshole!

Skip is caught.

He closes the cab door and signals it to leave without him as GENE MARTINNE, (65), Skip's long-suffering, gay, Jewish agent trots over to him.

Gene is the closest thing Skip has to a best friend.

SKIP
This is ridiculous, Gene.

GENE
What's ridiculous is the amount of dicks I had to suck to even get you this gig.

Skip raises an eyebrow, *for real?*

SKIP
Get the fuck inside.

They head into--

INT. CONVENTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

It's a tribute to all things game show from Name That Tune to Tic-Tac-Dough.

Convention ATTENDEES stop at booths, getting autographs from crusty, old HOSTS and aged MODELS.

SKIP
Jesus. It looks like the Mall of America's abandoned prom night baby in here.

GENE
Keep it up. Let's see if you can
alienate your few remaining fans.

A Convention ORGANIZER rushes over to Skip and Gene.

ORGANIZER
Mister Flannery, you're here, too!
How wonderful!

SKIP
"Too?" What does that mean? Gene?

ORGANIZER
We have a Matchmaker double feature
today. You and Mister Bightly

Skip spots the Celebrity Matchmaker booth: CHANCE BRIGHTLY
(63) signs autographs for a large group of FANS.

Perfect helmet hair, and teeth so bright you'd think they
were the Pearly Gates of Heaven.

ORGANIZER (CONT'D)
Skip Flannery and Chance Brightly
appearing together? What a coup!

SKIP
Gene?!

GENE
(to Organizer)
This is unacceptable! Let me speak
to your manager, right now!

ORGANIZER
But, Mister Martinne--

GENE
Go get him!

The Organizer splits off. Skip heads for the door.

GENE (CONT'D)
Skippy--

SKIP
I told you, never, Gene.

GENE
Just wait.

SKIP
I told you, you could book whatever
you wanted to, just don't put me in
a room with *him*.

GENE
They just sprung it on us, Skippy.
I'm in the same boat as you.

SKIP
Your marriage to Meredith Baxter
was a more convincing performance.

GENE
I'm sorry! It's just--

SKIP
No, it's just, Gene. We had a deal!

Gene stops. Skip turns to face him.

GENE
This is the only gig left, Skip. No
one wants just you. They want you
and him.

Chance spots skip and waves. Skip glares at him. Chance
narrows his eyes and mouths the words, "Boom Boom."

GENE (CONT'D)
Besides, I already signed your
contract.

SKIP
What?!

INT. CONVENTION HALL - CELEBRITY MATCHMAKER BOOTH - LATER

Skip and Chance sit side-by-side signing autographs and
posing for pictures. Chance's line is longer than Skip's.

They are all smiles, grinning through a mutual hatred.

A FAN takes a signed photo from Skip. She hands one to Chance
for his autograph.

Skip speaks under his breath, only for Chance's ears.

SKIP
(whispering to Chance)
Still taking my sloppy seconds, I
see. Ever been through a door I
didn't open?

CHANCE
(to Fan)
Hey, thanks for coming!
(quietly to Skip)
I heard the only reason they
started rerunning your episodes
again is because they thought you
died.

SKIP
You'd be the first to know I died
because you'd try to steal the
fillings from my teeth.

CHANCE
If you only knew, Skippy.

Another FAN approaches and hands Skip a photo.

SKIP
Who should I make this out to?

FAN
Make it out to Sarah. With love!

CHANCE
Why don't you make it out to John
Schneider-- I guess you'd have to
sign it in braille.

Skip stops in his tracks, mid-autograph.

SKIP
(a little too loudly)
Son of a bitch!

He covers with a smile and shakes his pen.

SKIP (CONT'D)
(to Fans)
My pen died.

CHANCE
So I've heard.

Skip drops the pen.

SKIP
What have you heard?

Chance shakes Skips hand and pulls him in close.

CHANCE
(whispering)
I heard that you're falling apart,
dick first and soon your balls will
be about as dry as your career

That's it. Skip takes a swing at Chance.

The crowd GASPS as two old men who've never been in fights in
their lives grapple with each other.

BYSTANDERS pull out their phones to take video. Most hesitate
to intervene, weirdly enthralled by the geriatric fight.

Chance winds up in a headlock.

SKIP
Brightly, you motherfucker! I'll
kill you!

SKIP TO:

EXT. SKIP'S TIKI BAR - CONTINUOUS

An open-air beach bar that serves frozen margaritas in novelty souvenir glasses to tourists.

Celebrity Matchmaker plays on the TV behind the bar.

Skip sits at his stool at the end of the bar. He removes the umbrella from a pink drink to down the rest of it.

SKIP
Can I get a fresh one, Trent?

TRENT (25), a real dude's dude, comes from the other end of the bar with a replacement beverage.

TRENT
Dude, what happened last night? You bang that chick?

SKIP
In a sense.

Skip sips his drink.

TRENT
How do you do it, man? You're still pulling tens.

SKIP
Thirty years of match making, I know how to manipulate young, dumb women.

Trent stares at him, vacant. Then cracks a smile.

TRENT
Crushed it.

Skip shrugs, "Whatever."

LAURIE (40s), the been-there-done-that bar manager, comes from the back room and walks behind the bar.

LAURIE
Stop taking away all my paying customers. Troll for bimbos at the Chili's if you have to.

Skip flashes her his still winning smile.

SKIP
I wouldn't have to take away customers if you'd come upstairs with me instead, Laurie.

LAURIE
No, thanks. Been there. Done that.

Told you so.

She takes a clipboard and does inventory. She bends over and counts liquor bottles. Skip takes notice of her backside.

SKIP
So how is my little tax shelter
doing this month?

LAURIE
You really care, or are you just
making small talk while you look at
my ass?

Skip sips his drink.

SKIP
Small talk.
(to Trent)
Hey, can I get a burger?

TRENT
One Skip Burger coming right up.

Trent runs off to the kitchen.

SKIP
(after Trent)
Just a burger!

ON THE TV: Young Skip waves goodbye to his audience, arm-in-arm with CONTESTANT JULIE. She hugs her SUITOR.

Young Skip visibly check out her ass.

Two TV HOSTS come on the screen sitting in director's chairs.

GUY HOST
That wraps up another episode of
Celebrity Matchmaker, we'll be
playing Classic Matchmaker episodes
all night, in honor of the little
mishap that took place at the
Rendondo Beach Game Show Convention
earlier today.

LADY HOST
In a bit of "Where are they now?"
news, original Matchmaker host,
Skip Flannery got into a fistfight
with later host Chance Brightly.

A shaky cell phone video of the earlier event appears on the screen. Skip puts Chance in a headlock. Skip screams.

SKIP
Brightly, you mother<<beep>>! I'll
kill you!

GUY HOST
Presumably they were fighting over
who was the better matchmaker.

(MORE)

GUY HOST (CONT'D)
 But we here at GSN are firmly team
 Skip.

A few PEOPLE at the bar CHEER. Most do nothing. Skip raises
 his drink in thanks.

Trent places Skip's burger in front of him. Skip chows down.

TRENT
 Whoo! Team Skip!

SKIP
 Yes. Yes. Very good.

TRENT
 How successful were you? At making
 matches?

SKIP
 I don't know. They did a story back
 in eighty nine about all the kids
 former contestants were having, but
 I was in the middle of some legal
 proceedings and couldn't comment.

LAURIE
 Paternity suits?

TRENT
 But how'd you know, like, which
 couples would, like, go the
 distance or whatever?

VRRR VRRR. Skip's phone vibrates. Caller: Gene Martinne.

Skip hits the IGNORE button.

SKIP
 I don't know. I'm good with people.

Skip flashes a false grin.

Tap tap. A MUSCLEMAN, complete with neon tank top and flanked
 by two muscle-bound LACKEYS, taps Skip on the shoulder.

The Surfer Girl from the night before shrinks behind him.

SURFER GIRL
 Sorry...

Skip groans.

SKIP
 C'mon. I thought we had something.

MUSCLEMAN
 Did you bang my girl, bro?

SKIP
 Technically no.

Skip notices one of the lackey's shirts: white, with big black letters. It says BOOM BOOM.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Let's call it an evening, fellas.
No harm no foul? After all, he's
wearing my shirt.

Skip flashes that million dollar smile.

MUSCLEMAN
What are you talking about, geezer?

SKIP
Boom Boom, it's from my show. I'm
Skip Flannery...

Not even a hint of recognition.

SKIP (CONT'D)
It was my catchphrase...

Skip eyes the other Lackey's shirt. It reads WHERE'S THE BEEF. He SIGHS.

SKIP (CONT'D)
You know what? Nevermind.

The Muscleman swings a massive fist at Skip's face. KA-POW!

PUNCH TO BLACK.

END ACT I

ACT II

INT. DOCTOR GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. JACOB GOLDSTEIN (36) shines a pen light in Skip's eyes, examining his new shiner.

JACOB
Nothing looks broken, but you've got a nice contusion here. Keep an ice pack on it for a few hours.

SKIP
I'll throw a cold sirloin on it.

JACOB
That's a great idea if you're looking for a bacterial infection and a black eye.

Jacob pulls out his prescription pad.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I'm writing you a scrip for a mild anti-inflammatory.

SKIP
How about something for the pain?

Skip raises his eyebrows, "Hint, hint" and winces in pain from his black eye.

JACOB
Oh, absolutely. What do you think? Couple bottles of oxycontin should do it, right? No? Maybe a couple shots of morphine in a to-go cup?

He rolls his eyes.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Take some Tylenol.
(beat)
And stop putting people in headlocks.

He slaps the prescription against Skip's chest and moves to his desk to do some work.

VRRR VRRR. Skip's phone vibrates. Caller: Gene Martinne.

Skip hits IGNORE.

Skip hops off the examination table. He spots a framed photo on Jacob's desk.

IN THE PHOTO, Jacob poses with his wife, MARGARET CHANG-GOLDSTEIN (35), humorless tiger mom, and two sons, JEFF CHANG-GOLDSTEIN (7) and MICHAEL CHANG-GOLDSTEIN (5).

SKIP
Mark is looking big. What's he
about? Three?

JACOB
Christ. He's five. And his name is
Michael.

SKIP
Right, I knew that.

Skip looks at another family photo, this one featuring an
older woman with Jacob.

SKIP (CONT'D)
How about your mom? She still
pining for me?

JACOB
Mom hasn't mentioned you since
nineteen ninety-two, but if she did
I am sure it would be to pray for
your death.
(beat)
Is there anything else I can help
you with, Pop?

Jacob takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes.

SKIP
Jesus, Jakey, can't a guy talk to
his kid?

JACOB
History would argue that you can
not, no.

SKIP
I've been trying here.

JACOB
A couple years of birthday cards
and some discounted burgers at the
restaurant don't make up for three
decades of neglect, but, by all
means, go on.

Jacob turns in his seat to face his father, daring him.

Skip wants to connect, then loses his nerve.

SKIP
I'm a-- I'm still having trouble
getting it up... my dick, I mean.

Jacob isn't surprised by the failed attempt at bonding. He
turns back to his desk, opens his file.

JACOB
Like I said before, there's nothing
physically wrong with you. Your
E.D. seems to be psychological.

SKIP
Yeah...

JACOB
I can write you a prescription for
Viagra if you want, but I think
therapy would be a better long time
solution. You know, talking to
someone?

At that, Skip gets up, evasive.

SKIP
No, thanks. It gives me the shits.

JACOB
The Viagra or the therapy?

SKIP
Take your pick.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Skip walks towards a cab stand.

Suddenly, a Cadillac SCREECHES to a stop in front of Skip
Gene leans over to the passenger-side window.

GENE
Where the hell have you been?!

SKIP
I'm not talking to you.

GENE
Get in the car.

Skip shrugs and gets in.

INT. SPAGO - LATER - DAY

Skip and Gene eat a late lunch at the once trendy LA spot.
Skip wears a pair of large, gaudy sunglasses.

SKIP
I look like an aging queen in these
things, Gene.

GENE
Next time don't borrow an aging
queen's sunglasses then. Now focus.
We've got the makings of a comeback
with this video.

SKIP
It's nostalgia factor. Just a passing fad.

GENE
Not this time, Skippy my boy. This is for real.

Gene shows Skip his phone. A Q-rating chart graphs Skip's popularity.

GENE (CONT'D)
Look at this. You're viral.

SKIP
You can't prove that!

GENE
You haven't been this hot since eighty-five!

SKIP
And remember how that turned out?

Skip raises his eyebrows, "Remember?"

GENE
This is different!

Two YOUNG WOMEN dining a few tables over point at Skip, whispering and giggling.

GENE (CONT'D)
See? There, right there. That's what I am talking about. You are trending, my friend.

SKIP
What the shit is trending?

GENE
All I know is that people are coming out of the woodwork. "Hashtag Team Skip"

Skip looks at Gene, "Viral? Hashtag?"

GENE (CONT'D)
We're striking while the iron is hot. We're gonna put you back on television.

SKIP
Yeah, I'm not doing that.

GENE
What is wrong with you?

Skip wipes his mouth with his napkin and stands up.

GENE (CONT'D)
You're leaving?

SKIP
As I recall, TV and I didn't have
too amicable of a breakup the first
time around. Thanks, gene, but no
thanks. I'm retired.
(beat)
I'll see you for bridge.

Skip walks away.

GENE
You don't need an agent, you need a
mortician!

EXT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Skip rolls a joint behind the valet stand. The two Young
Women from inside come out for their car and spot Skip.

YOUNG WOMAN
Oh my god. Excuse me, Mister
Flannery?

Skip quickly hides his joint and puts on a friendly smile.

SKIP
Yes, darling, what can I do for
you?

The Women GIGGLE.

YOUNG WOMAN
We were just wondering if you would
take a selfie with us.

Skip is taken a little aback.

SKIP
Right out here? Kinda public, but--

He goes for his zipper. One of the Women pulls out her phone
and the two Women pose next to Skip.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Oh...

YOUNG WOMAN
Ready? One. Two. Three! Boom Boom!

FLASH!

FLASH TO:

INT. GAME SHOW SET - 1985 - DAY

FLASH! FLASH! Bulbs POP on Polaroid cameras as Skip poses for pictures with Valerie Bertinelli, Carl Lewis, and Charles Nelson Reilly in front of the studio audience.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1
Skip! Over here!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2
Skip, put your arm around Valerie!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #3
Skip, bite Carl's medal!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #4
Charles, my son is single!

A no-nonsense PRODUCER (30s) comes over.

PRODUCER
Okay, folks, I think that's enough for now. Let's give Skip a little break. We'll be back in one hour to shoot another episode. In the meantime, we've got box lunches in craft services for each of you.

The Audience OOOOHS and files out.

A PA hands Skip a towel as he walks to his dressing room. Valerie Bertinelli walks beside him.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
We're back in sixty, Skip. Your guests will be John Schneider, Joan Collins, and Drew Berrymore.

SKIP
The porn star?

PRODUCER
The ten year old.

Skip looks at the Producer, waiting for an answer to his original question.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
Not the porn star.

Skip looks disappointed.

Gene Martinne (now 36) joins Skip as he walks. He has an overly affected masculine air about him.

GENE
Great show, kiddo. A real touchdown. Homerun.

Charles Nelson Reilly approaches Skip as he walks.

CHARLES NELSON REILLY
Skip, let's have a chat. Do you think I come off as gay on air? I mean, do you think--

SKIP
 Chuck, you're really passing.
 Bubby. I don't think any father in
 America wants you sniffing around
 their daughter. You know what a
 mean?

Skip leans in close.

SKIP (CONT'D)
 Not like Gene...

GENE
 Pussy is great, right?

They reach Skip's dressing room door.

CHARLES NELSON REILLY
 But, Skip--

SKIP
 Let's talk about this later, huh?

Skip and Valerie enter his dressing room and shut the door.

INT. SKIP'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Skip and Valerie both look at each other, exhausted.

SKIP
 Jesus Christ.

VALERIE
 Good taping though.

As they talk, both nonchalantly get undressed.

SKIP
 Oh yeah, solid taping. You had some
 good lines there.

Valerie removes her blouse and skirt.

VALERIE
 Yeah? I don't know. I thought Carl
 Lewis kinda stole my thunder.

She pulls out a small vial of cocaine and sprinkles a line on
 her breast.

SKIP
 No, you were great--

Skip snorts the line of coke off Valerie's breast.

SKIP (CONT'D)
 --absolutely great.

He rubs the coke on his gums. He's impressed.

SKIP (CONT'D)
This new?

VALERIE
Yeah. I got it from Carlos.
Wetbacks always have the best coke.

Skip undoes his fly and pushes Valerie to her knees. He leans against his dressing room door as she goes down on him.

SKIP
That's true.

THRUST TO:

INT. GAME SHOW SET - ONE HOUR LATER

Skip's Producer bangs on his dressing room door.

SKIP (O.S.)
I'm close! I'm close!

PRODUCER
Skip, we're back on.

Sex GRUNTING and cocaine SNORTING comes from behind the door.

SKIP (O.S.)
Gimme me another minute!

PRODUCER
Sorry, pal, we're running behind
schedule. Schneider has a Dukes of
Hazzard taping to get to.

SKIP (O.S.)
Shit!

A RUCKUS comes behind the door. SNORT! Skip comes out of the dressing room, mildly disheveled, cocaine remnants beneath his nose. He carries his suit jacket in front of himself.

The Producer points to the cocaine and Skip cleans himself.

Skip leans back into the dressing room to a nude Bertinelli.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Don't finish without me!

The Producer steers Skip back towards the set. An ANNOUNCER sees Skip coming and signals to the audience.

ANNOUNCER
Ladies and gentlemen, your host of
Celebrity Matchmaker. Skip
Flannery!

The Audience CHEERS. Skip waves as he jogs on set, high as a damn kite.

He walks over to the celebrity panel where DREW BARRYMORE (10), precocious in pigtails, JOHN SCHNEIDER (25), 80s dreamboat, and JOAN COLLINS (52), drunk, await the show.

SKIP
All right, let's do this!

Skip throws his jacket on. The Audience GASPS. Skip has no idea why.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Don't be nervous, folks.
Celebrities are just people too.
Isn't that right, Joan?

Skip moves to Joan Collins and grabs her by the hand, she hesitates.

JOAN COLLINS
Skip-- your--

SKIP
Joan Collins, everybody!

He pulls her up and twirls her as if at a dance. She maneuvers around Skip's still engorged member.

PRODUCER
Holy shit!

A WOMAN in the audience faints.

JOHN SCHNEIDER
Jesus, man, your dang cock's out.

Skip looks down, seeing his mistake, and freezes.

JOAN COLLINS
Put that away!

She grabs "little Skip" in an attempt to shove it back into Skip's pants.

This proves to be the only thing Skip needed to put him over the edge. His face contorts trying to control his eruption.

The Audience SCREAMS.

PRODUCER
Cut the tape!

ON THE CAMERA MONITOR the image goes from a live feed of the set to a "We'll be Right Back!" graphic.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. SKIP'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT - NIGHT

Skip watches footage of his little accident on his laptop. The behind the scenes video is on YouTube, and features blurry censoring over Skip's penis.

Several surfaces, including half of young Drew Barrymore's face, are also blurred out.

Skip clicks on another YouTube video.

IN THE VIDEO, a REPORTER tries to get a quote from an intoxicated Skip as he leaves a nightclub.

SKIP
What incident?

REPORTER
You-- ahem, ejaculated on Drew Barrymore.

SKIP
Trust me, I wasn't the first.

Skip pushes the camera out of the way and climbs into a cab.

BACK IN THE PRESENT, Skip closes his laptop. He takes a deep breath then reaches for his bong. Lights up.

FLUSH! The toilet in the adjoining bathroom flushes and the door swings open.

Out steps another SURFER GIRL (21) wearing nothing but bikini bottoms and a butterfly tattoo. It's business as usual.

She saunters over to Skip, and he hands her the bong. She takes a hit then coughs.

SURFER GIRL #2
Damn. That's good shit.

She notices one of Skip's daytime Emmys and picks it up.

SURFER GIRL #2 (CONT'D)
Wow, cool. You know, these are heavier than they look.
(beat)
Hey, if you want, we can try again.
It happens to lots of guys...

Skip stares ahead as the Surfer Girl drones on. He's in another, long forgotten place.

LATER

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Someone raps on Skip's apartment door, snapping Skip out of his haze.

The Surfer Girl is long gone.

Skip opens the door to find DONALD FLANNERY (21), Skip's half-black son.

DONALD
Hey, Dad.

EXT. SKIP'S TIKI BAR - LATER - NIGHT

Skip and Donald sit at the end of the bar. Skip is filled with a nervous excitement. Donald is less happy to be here.

The Celebrity Matchmaker marathon continues on the TV.

SKIP
You hungry? Can I get you anything?

Skip nods to Trent at the other end of the bar.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Can we get two burgers, Trent?

TRENT
Two Skip Burgers coming up!

SKIP
No, just regular--

But Trent is already in the kitchen.

DONALD
I'm not really hungry.

SKIP
Okay, well, it's good to see you.
It's been a while. Your hair's
getting long.

DONALD
Got it cut last week.

SKIP
Right. Right. So what's new with my
favorite son?

DONALD
I got into law school.

SKIP
Holy shit! Really?

Laurie walks by, carrying beers to a table.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Laurie, did you hear that? Donnie
got into law school!

LAURIE
That's great, Donald.
Congratulations.

DONALD
Thank you, Laurie.

LAURIE
(re: Skip)
Don't let this asshole put you on
retainer.

Skip takes a sip of beer, then stops himself.

SKIP
Oh shit, here.

He hits his beer glass against Donald's soda glass.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Cheers.

Skip downs his beer. Donald watches.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Wow, law school.

DONALD
Yup.

SKIP
Don't you have to go to college
before law school.

DONALD
I'm in college. I graduate next
month.

SKIP
That's right. I knew that.
Graduation, already? I should
probably go to that, huh?

DONALD
I need some money.

Skip doesn't hesitate. Starts pulling cash from his wallet.

SKIP
Sure, whattya need? A few hundred
for books. Now there's a real
racket. You wanna make a good
living, forget the law, sell
textbooks.

DONALD
I need money for tuition.

Skip puts the cash back in his wallet.

Oh. SKIP

DONALD
It's like thirty grand a semester.

Skip WHISTLES.

SKIP
Wow, okay. I just-- you can't pay
for it the same way you paid for
your undergrad?

DONALD
They don't have athletic
scholarships at law school, Dad.

SKIP
(guessing)
Basketball.

DONALD
(mildly offended)
Swimming.

Skip thinks for a moment.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I'd pay you back.

SKIP
Thirty grand, huh?

Skip notices the TV. Celebrity Matchmaker plays, only now
with a different HOST. Skip loses himself in thought.

CUT TO:

INT. GAME SHOW SET - 1985 - DAY

Skip arrives on set, sunglasses on, visibly intoxicated, and
he has the telltale Coke Sniffles and shakes.

SKIP
Daddy's home!

The Producer runs up to skip, nervous.

PRODUCER
Skip, buddy, didn't Gene call you?

SKIP
Don't know. Haven't been home in
three days. Baio can party.

Skip walks into the studio and sees--

CHANCE BRIGHTLY (33), teeth so bright you'd think they were the Pearly Gates of Heaven, sitting in Skip's chair as a MAKE-UP ARTIST touches him up.

On the back of the chair, Skip's name has been hastily covered by Chance's name.

SKIP (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

PRODUCER
Your agent should have--

Skip whips off his sunglasses.

SKIP
(to Make-Up Artist)
What the hell, Darlene?

Chance sticks out his hand, offering it to Skip.

CHANCE
Chance Brightly. Good to meet you!

Skip hands his sunglasses to Chance. Chance is confused.

SKIP
Darlene, is that my moisturizer?
That Crème de la Mer is like a
hundred dollars an ounce!

MAKE-UP ARTIST
But you-- you got fired...

SKIP
What?
(laughing)
Oh, Ha ha. You got me. I'm fired.
Good one. You're fired.

PRODUCER
Skip...

Skip doesn't take them seriously. Gun fingers. Pew Pew Pew.

SKIP
You, too? Okay, you're fired.

He looks at Chance.

SKIP (CONT'D)
This guy is definitely fired. Look
at those teeth. Is the props
department in on it, too?
(beat)
Okay, pal, out of my seat. Darlene
let's use a little bronzer today.

CHANCE
I'm afraid it's no joke, friend.

Chance points to a show marquee where two TEAMSTERS are replacing Skip's name with Chance's.

CHANCE (CONT'D)
You were high on cocaine in front
of a minor.

SKIP
Firestarter? She uses the same
dealer I do!

CHANCE
You exposed yourself to Joan
Collins!

SKIP
I think she genuinely enjoyed that.

CHANCE
You blinded John Schneider with
your semen!

SKIP
Okay, now, I feel bad about that.
Bo Duke is a national treasure.

Two SECURITY GUARDS enter, nod to Skip.

PRODUCER
Sorry, Chance.

Skip looks over at the celebrity panel. Valerie Bertinelli
gets comfortable.

SKIP
Valerie?!

She shrugs.

Chance leans in and whispers in Skip's ear.

CHANCE
Thanks for warming 'er up for me.

Skip SCREAMS and shoves Chance.

The Security Guards chase Skip. He runs around the studio,
knocking over things and making a mess.

The Guards tackle him and drag him out.

SKIP
Fuck you! Fuck all of you! I'd cum
on Drew Barrymore again! I'm Skip
Flannery!!

EXT. GAME SHOW SET - 1985 - CONTINUOUS

The Guards toss Skip out of the studio. He lands in the street with a thud.

He lays in the gutter looking up at the sun.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - PRESENT - DAY

Skip lies on a couch looking up at an overhead light.

SKIP
I don't know. Maybe I'm worried
about old patterns repeating.

SUSAN GOLDSTEIN (59), silver-haired and silver-tongued, walks on a treadmill/desk. She's the woman from Dr. Jacob's photo. They even have the same family photo.

She taps her Bluetooth earpiece.

SUSAN
Sorry, hold on a sec--
(to Skip)
You get that I'm on a call, right?

SKIP
Susie, I'm having a crisis here!

SUSAN
(in Bluetooth)
I'm going to have to call you back,
Marty. Yeah, thanks.

She steps off her treadmill/desk and removes her Bluetooth.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Skip, I'm your ex wife, not your
therapist.

SKIP
Speaking of which, when are you
going to tell Jakey about us?

SUSAN
Us? There is no us. I haven't even
seen you in weeks.

SKIP
I've been having some trouble
lately.

SUSAN
I heard you. Gene wants you to do a
new shon and you're getting the
vapors because you're worried
you'll wet your pants on stage.
That about right?

SKIP
That, and... my dick doesn't work.

This gets Susan's attention.

SUSAN
Hunh. How do you like that?

SKIP
It has its drawbacks.

SUSAN
You try viagra?

SKIP
It gives me the shits.

SUSAN
Lovely.

SKIP
Jacob says it's in my head.

Susan starts unbuttoning her blouse.

SUSAN
Your dick is acting like a bitch because you are acting like a bitch. Makes sense. Go do the appearance, make some money. Maybe put some lead in your pencil.

She removes her skirt.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Now are we doing this or what?

SKIP
Suze. I just told you. I'm working with melting butter here.

SUSAN
Are your fingers broken? Your jaw broken? No? Then scrub in.

Skip shrugs and cracks his knuckles.

EXT. SKIP'S TIKI BAR - LATER

Skip trots up to the restaurant, exhausted from his dialiance with Susan.

He pulls a joint from his pocket and lights up.

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)
Skip!

Skip whirls around, hiding the joint behind his back.

A YOUNG MAN (late 20s) trots to catch up with Skip.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
Mister Flannery!

SKIP
Look, kid, I'm all autographed out
for today.

Skip rubs his hand, sore from... not giving autographs.

YOUNG MAN
No, I, sorry, I just wanted to
thank you.

SKIP
Thank me?

YOUNG MAN
Yeah, back in eighty five you
matched up my parents on your show.

He pulls out a photo and shows Skip. It's Stacey and her
Suitor from Skip's show.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
They'll be married twenty eight
years next month. And--

He shows Skip a sonogram.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
--they'll be grandparents by
Christmas.

Skip flicks the joint and the Young Man shakes his hand.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
None of us would be here without
you. So... thanks.

Skip takes in both images, not sure what to say.

EXT. SKIP'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Skip walks to his apartment from the downstairs Tiki bar.

He climbs his steps and stops at the landing.

On the door, a MANILA ENVELOPE hangs from a piece of tape.
Skip grabs it and enters his apartment.

INT. SKIP'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Skip walks inside and sits on the couch.

He opens the envelope and spills out its contents--

GENE
I don't know. You brought him up.

SKIP
I didn't bring him up! I was--
nevermind. I just-- He's so--

Skip SCREAMS. He slumps into a chair, head in his hands.
Gene looks over at his longtime client, shakes his head.

GENE
Your dick doesn't work?

SKIP
Not since they announced this damn
marathon.

Gene contemplates for a moment. His eyes soften and he feels
for his friend.

GENE
Tell you what, head out onto the
deck. I'll fix you a drink.

EXT. GENE'S BEACH HOUSE - DECK - LATER

Skip is a few cocktails in. He and Gene stare out at the
night surf.

GENE
I think Jacob's right. This whole
thing is in your head. What you
need is a second coming.

SKIP
I'd settle for a first coming at
this point.

GENE
I mean a resurgence. A revival.

SKIP
A comeback.

GENE
A comeback! Skip, now is the time.
Reclaim what is rightfully yours!

SKIP
I don't know...

GENE
He stole your show? So take back!

Skip notices a rousing in his pants. Gene amps up.

GENE (CONT'D)
He stole your Vermicelli--

SKIP
Bertinelli.

GENE
Whatever! Get it back!

The crotch of Skip's trousers grows.

GENE (CONT'D)
He stole your boner? We will get it
the back! We can do this! We can
put you back on top! A new show.
New fame. New money! New pussy, for
whatever reason.

Skip's erection wags in his pant leg like a happy puppy dog's
tail. He looks at it in awe.

Like his raging boner filled with blood, Skip is filled with
a newfound vigor. He jumps up.

SKIP
Let's do it!

Gene looks at Skip, sees his raging boner.

GENE
Yes! I'll go make some calls!

Gene runs inside, eagerly.

Skip stands up and looks out at the surf. He rubs the front
of his engorged pants. He stares out at the ocean.

SKIP
You hear that Chance Brightly?! I'm
done taking your shit!

Skip leans over the railing, howling at the moon.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Dust off your pussy Bertinelli!
Skippy's back in town.

INT. GENE'S BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gene paces through the living room on his cell.

On the dry bar, an open bottle of VIAGRA sits next to the
liquor bottles. Pills have been crushed into a fine powder.

SKIP (O.S.)
Ugh. Gene? Can I use the head real
quick? I gotta take a shit.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE